

You Don't Have to be Afraid by That Guy Who Writes N Stuff

Category: IT

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Summary: IT 2017. The battle was won, but Georgie was still gone, and Eddie was afraid to return home that night. Two boys forge a bond that night that will last them a lifetime. Bill/Eddie. Could become an ongoing story if enough people enjoy this one.

1. Chapter 1

It had only been hours since the battle in the sewer, where the Losers Club fought the monster known as IT, finally ending IT's reign of horror, at least for another 27 years. The memories of what they'd done had already started to fade, and over the next few months, the seven youths wouldn't remember what brought them together in the first place.

As each member headed home, Bill Denbrough found himself sitting in his little brother Georgie's bedroom, sitting on his bed while looking at a picture of the two brothers that had been taken over a year ago on Georgie's final Christmas with the family. Georgie had wanted a Lion-O Thundercats figure so badly that year, so Bill worked all fall to get up the money to get him one. The hug that Georgie gave him after unwrapping his gift was one that Bill would never forget.

"I'm sorry, Georgie," Bill whispered as he touched the photo. "I'm so sorry I didn't save you. Please forgive me."

"Bill?" Eddie asked as he knocked on the door. "I'm sorry, the door was unlocked and-"

"It's okay," Bill said as Eddie saw the tears running down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry about Georgie," Eddie said as he sat down next to Bill. "I never meant those things that I said that day in the sewer. He was my friend, too."

"Is everything okay?" Bill asked, seeing the fresh cuts on Eddie's face from their fight with IT. He could still smell the gunk that IT had vomited up on him in the sewer. The Losers had done their best to hose him down after emerging from the Wellhouse, but the stink was still there.

"No, I can't go home like this," Eddie said. "I don't know if I can go home at all."

"You can stay the night here," Bill told him. "You can use our shower, I'll get you some clean clothes."

"Thanks," Eddie said, giving him a smile. He didn't dare hug Bill, or he'd get the stench on him, too.

Eddie scrubbed his skin until he was red, trying desperately to clean off every last ounce of grime that he'd gotten in the fight. After a long shower, he still wasn't sure he'd gotten it all. As he stepped out of the shower, he found a pair of Bill's pajama pants and a t-shirt waiting for him on the toilet seat.

"What are you going to tell your mom?" Bill asked as the two sat in Bill's bedroom, eating leftover chicken as they sat on the floor. "She's going to freak when she sees those cuts."

"I don't know, I just know I'm tired of her making me feel helpless," Eddie told him. "I don't want to be afraid anymore, Bill. What if being afraid brings... IT back?"

"You have to believe that IT's dead," Bill told him. "IT can't hurt you anymore. IT can't hurt any of us anymore."

Bill stared at Georgie's rainslicker sitting on the chair in the corner, just as he started breaking down. Eddie pulled him into a hug, patting him on the back.

"It's okay, Bill, you can let it out," Eddie said.

"It was my fault," Bill said through the tears. "I shouldn't have sent him outside that day! I should have made him stay here, where it was safe!"

Eddie stared him in the eyes. "This is not your fault, Bill. You did everything you could. You're the reason the rest of us are still alive. We couldn't have killed IT without you. You were the one who was strong enough to hold us together. Dammit, Bill, I- I-"

Before he could say another word, Bill's lips were pressed against his, gently kissing him. Not sure how to react, Eddie put his hands on Bill's shoulders, returning the kiss in kind before it started growing more passionate between the two. Soon, both of their shirts were off

as Eddie fell on top of Bill, with Bill running his hands through Eddie's hair.

"We can't do this," Bill whispered, even though he knew how badly he needed this.

"Bill, we really fucking need this," Eddie told him as he stared into Bill's eyes before he went back in for another kiss. Before they knew it, they were down to their underwear as Bill locked his bedroom door as Eddie climbed onto the bed. Bill jumped on top of him, and soon their tightie whities were tossed across the room, with Eddie's hanging off of the doorknob as they began making passionate love for as long as they were able, until all of their energy was gone, falling asleep in each other's arms.

It was the next morning when Bill woke up, seeing Eddie sleeping soundly on Bill's bare chest, listening to the soothing sound of Bill's heartbeat. He nuzzled closer to Eddie, for once feeling unstressed and somewhat... happier.

"What do we tell the others?" Eddie whispered as he opened his eyes.

"We don't have to tell them, this can be our secret," Bill said as he stared into Eddie's eyes. "Did you... like it?"

"Yeah, I did," Eddie told him. "This doesn't make us gay, does it? I mean, I've never even thought about guy like this before and I've always liked girls and-"

Bill put his hand over Eddie's mouth.

"Maybe what happened was just us trying to ... deal with what we went through down there," Bill told him. "We're not kids anymore, Eddie. Maybe what we did last night means that we're never going to be kids again."

Eddie started crying a little as Bill pulled him close, letting him cry on Bill's shoulder.

"No matter what happens, Eddie, we're always going to be there for each other. I promise. I swear, as long as I'm around, you never have

to be afraid again. I'll always be here for you."

After getting cleaned up and lending Eddie some clothes to wear home, Bill just stood at the doorway, holding his friend's hand.

"Want me to walk you home?" Bill asked.

"No, I think I can manage," Eddie said as he hugged him. "I have to be strong and start standing up for myself more. I can't keep letting people keep me down."

"I'll call you later, maybe we can meet up at the quarry this weekend," Bill said. "Eddie, I- I mean, last night, it's not going to change things between us, is it?"

"Only if we let it," Eddie smiled. "You're still one of my best friends, Bill. If I had to do that with anyone... I'm glad it was you. I'll see you later."

After watching Eddie leave, Bill stared at a picture of Georgie on the wall.

"Thanks for everything, little brother," Bill said. "I love you, Georgie."

As Bill walked upstairs, Georgie's face seemed to follow him before letting out a small giggle, while deep below Derry, Pennywise expelled the last of IT's energy before drifting off to sleep for 27 years...

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2. Chapter 2

The Quarry

Beverly had moved away over a week ago, and with the new school year starting, Mike would go back to being home schooled, so the Losers would be seeing less of him. The memories of their friends were starting to fade, as if Bev and Mike had never joined them for a summer adventure.

School was starting up again on in the morning, meaning the remaining five boys only had one final day to have fun together. That Sunday morning, Bill headed to the quarry to start the day off with a swim, wondering if the others were already there. He stopped by Eddie's house, where the boy was sneaking out of the house.

"Richie's not coming," Eddie said as he rode his bike alongside Bill. "He got grounded for mouthing off to his mom."

"With all the things he's always saying, how did this not happen sooner?" Bill asked. "Well, Stan and Ben will still be there."

"Stan's got Synagogue this morning," Eddie told him. "So he won't be along until later, and Ben's mom is taking him school shopping."

"This was supposed to be our last day to have fun," Bill told him as they rode toward the quarry "How are we supposed to have fun without our friends?"

"We still have each other," Eddie reminded him. "We can still hang out. Maybe after we go swimming, we can go catch a movie and hang out at the arcade."

"Cool," Bill said. As they rode, Eddie noticed that Bill hadn't studded once. It seems like ever since that night they'd spent losing their virginity to each other, Bill had become more confident. The events that led up to that night were real blurry to all of the boys. Eddie just knew that he'd had a fight with his mother and ran off, eventually ending up at Bill's house later that day.

The two arrived at the quarry, knowing that this would probably be the final day they go come here before the cold weather set in. The two started stripping down to their briefs as Bill smirked.

"Hey, Eddie,"

"What?"

Bill tossed his briefs at Eddie's feet as he took a running start and jumped, landing in the water below. None of the Losers had ever truly skinny dipped before. Richie always joked that he had to keep his underwear on or his dick would drag him down to the bottom of the water. Eddie hesitated for a moment before dropping his briefs and jumping in after.

The two emerged from under the water, staring at each other and just smiling. Bill swam closer to Eddie, wondering what water games they could play with just two people.

"Do you want to spend the night at my house tonight? We can go to school together in the morning," Bill told him.

"Yeah, we can stop by my house later and I'll grab my stuff," Eddie sighed. "If my mom will let me. She's starting to try to control me again."

"It's cool, you've been able to sneak out all summer," Bill said as he noticed Eddie's wet bangs were down in his eyes. The boy was due for a haircut as Bill gently brushed it away. Eddie blushed before Bill splashed him before laughing and swimming away.

The two friends put their briefs back on, just in case someone had wandered by while they were relaxing on the shore. Eddie couldn't help but stare at Bill's body as he lay on the blanket. He didn't know what these feelings were, but seeing his friend laying there in a pair of white briefs were making him feel... something.

"My parents are cleaning out Georgie's room," Bill whispered as he rolled over onto his side. "They're giving his stuff to the Goodwill this week, turning his room into a sewing room for my mom."

"I'm sorry, Bill," Eddie said as he sat near his friend.

"It's like they just... want to forget about him," Bill said as he stared up at Eddie. "Like he no longer matters."

"Maybe you can keep something of his so you'll never forget him," Eddie told him.

"I have his rainslicker, that's- that's enough," Bill said sadly. Georgie's body had been found in August, with his arm torn off. They said that it must have got caught on something as Georgie was swept out to the Barrons, the force of the tide ripping it off in the process, causing Georgie to bleed out before he drowned.

Eddie put a hand on his friend's shoulder to comfort him.

"I just miss him so much,"

"I know," Eddie said. "He was a good kid. I really liked him. He used to love coming here with us, even if he was afraid to jump into the water."

"I used to have to walk him down here by hand so he could wade in," Bill laughed as he got a little teary-eyed. "I taught him to swim here. He was so excited the first time he swam on his own without me. We were supposed to come here this summer, just the two of us so he could show me how good he was getting."

"He was giving me lessons," Eddie admitted. "I wasn't a very good swimmer, either. So Georgie would... meet up with me at the Y once a week so he could show me what you were teaching him."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was embarrassed and Richie would have never let me live it down," Eddie admitted as Bill sat up. "Learning to swim from a seven-year-old? I didn't want anyone to know."

Bill sat up and put an arm around his shoulder.

"I could... show you more stuff that I taught Georgie here," Bill told him. "Like how to do a swan dive from the cliff."

"I'd like that," Eddie smiled as the two got closer to each other, their lips almost touching before they pulled back. "Maybe we should get dressed before we get too sunburned. Mom will have me at the emergency room if my skin gets too red."

The boys were wheeling their bikes down the street, their shoes and socks in the baskets of their bikes. They decided to walk home barefoot since the weather was a bit cooler with the September weather. They arrived at Eddie's house, who quickly put on his shoes.

"If I'm not out in a few minutes, it was nice knowing you," Eddie said as he went into the house.

Bill sat down in the grass and waited for his friend to emerge, thinking about what had nearly happened at the quarry. Was he really developing feelings for Eddie? No, he couldn't be. Eddie was his friend, he shouldn't be seeing him in a sexual way. But then again, he had started feeling more grown up this summer.

But what if Eddie didn't want to return those feelings? Sure, the night they spent taking turns being inside of each was magical and thrilling, but it was more a heat of the moment thing. But still, he did feel like things were changing this year for him between his beloved little brother's death and his parents spending less and less time acknowledging him.

"Ready?" Eddie asked as he returned with his overnight bag.

"Yeah," Bill smiled as he stood up, just as Eddie accidentally dropped a book he was holding. Both reached down to get it as their eyes met. Neither could resist any more as they touched lips briefly.

Unfortunately, they weren't looking to make sure they weren't being watched. Someone was watching from across the street, seething with hatred for Bill Denbrough.

Henry Bowers was back, and he was completely over the edge.

3. Chapter 3

Eddie opened his eyes, seeing Bill staring at him as the young man woke up early that Monday morning.

"Hi," Bill smiled.

"Hi," Eddie said in return, blushing a little as the two just stared at each other. While they hadn't had sex the night before, both boys were in their briefs as they slept in Bill's bed. The two were getting real feelings for each other now, and neither one wanted to be the first to admit it.

"Do you want to use the shower first?" Bill asked as he slowly took Eddie's hand in his, gently rubbing his fingers across the back. "I can get breakfast started while you're in there."

"Okay," Eddie said as he stood up from the bed, getting his school clothes out of his overnight bag. As he walked away, Bill saw Eddie's briefs had ridden up, giving him a very nice look at Eddie's bare cheek.

While Eddie showered, Bill pulled on a pair of pajama pants and headed downstairs to make breakfast for his friend. He made bacon, eggs, toast and orange juice, arranging them on a plate for Eddie, who soon came downstairs in a bathrobe.

"Shower's all yours," Eddie said as he saw breakfast on the table. "You didn't have to go through all that trouble."

"I wanted to," Bill said. "Eat up, I'll be back down in a few minutes."

As Bill headed upstairs, the remaining Losers knocking on the screen door to the kitchen.

"What smells so good?" Richie asked as he came in. "It can't be Eddie's mom, I usually leave her all sweaty."

"And fuck you to you too," Eddie said. "Bill's upstairs getting a shower."

"You spent the night?" Stan asked. "Why didn't you call us? We could spent our last night of freedom together."

"We tried calling you guys, but no one was home," Eddie said. "So me and Bill just slept over."

"Isn't that Bill's bathrobe?" Richie asked. "Did you two go gay on us when we weren't looking?"

Eddie early choked on his orange juice hearing that. "What? No!" Eddie shouted. "I just needed something to dry off in after I got out of the shower."

"Well, hurry up and get dressed so we can get to school for a nice, Bowers free year," Stan said. Henry and Patrick had disappeared over the summer, and Belch and Victor had been found murdered near Henry's house, along with his dad, who'd been stabbed to death. The police had been looking for Henry since August with no luck.

"Yeah, I'm sure we'll find a whole new set of assholes to mess with us," Richie said as Bill came downstairs, shirtless in nothing but a pair of blue jeans.

"Hey, guys," Bill said. "Want some breakfast?"

"No, we just thought we could go to school together," Richie said. "Unless you two prefer to go alone," Richie said, miming a penis going in and out of his mouth.

"What are you saying?" Bill asked.

"You two have been spending a lot of time together without us," Ben told them. "And... someone from school said he saw you two skinny dipping at the quarry yesterday."

"You showed your dicks to each other?" Richie asked. "What the fuck?"

"It was really warm," Bill told them. "We decided to try it out , and it was really fun. If we didn't have to look at Richie's micro-dick, we'd have asked you guys to do it with us."

"Hey, staring at my dick is like staring into the sun," Richie said proudly. "It's too much for your human eyes to comprehend and leave you blind."

"Can we stop talking about Richie's dick?" Eddie asked. "I'm trying to keep my food down."

"Like I was keeping your mom down last night?" Richie asked.

"Just let us get dressed for school and we'll all go together," Bill sighed as he rubbed the bridge of his nose. The school year was already going to be rough, but now he had to hide his feelings for Eddie from his best friends.

The first day of school came and went without any hassle, the worst thing being that some of teachers seemed stricter than last year. But other than that, the boys had a good first day.

"You guys want to hang out at my place?" Richie asked. "I just got the NES."

"I would, but they're cleaning out Georgie's room and... I want to see if I can save a few things," Bill said.

"And I have to get home before Mom has a coronary worrying about me," Eddie told them as he looked at Bill when the others were getting their bikes out. "Call me later?"

"Sure," Bill promised, wanting to kiss Eddie so bad, but knew he couldn't in front of the others.

As Eddie was riding his bike home, he passed by the old wellhouse. Not that he'd ever been there personally, but he remembered having nightmares where he willingly went in. Nightmares that were blurry, but full of horrific creatures that were trying to kill him. He stared up at the house, a chill running down his spine. As he turned to ride away, a hand clapped over his mouth, with a sharp blade pressing against his throat.

"Hey, faggot," Henry whispered into his ear as Eddie screamed

silently in fear. "I'm going to kill you, but first I'm going to kill all of your faggot friends. And I'm going to start with Billy boy. I'm going to cut him into little, tiny pieces, and then feed them to you."

4. Chapter 4

Eddie's mouth was covered with an old t-shirt as Henry dragged him into the wellhouse, binding his hands to an old radiator.

"You and your boyfriend have caused me a lot of trouble," Henry said as he pulled out his switchblade. "I'm really going to enjoy cutting all of you to pieces. Fortunately for you, you're the bait."

Henry started cutting into Eddie's shirt, cutting it off a piece at a time, letting each piece fall to the floor. Then he started in on Eddie's pants. "You'll be the last to die, you wheezing freak."

Eddie was now standing there in his white briefs, helpless as Henry flicked his knife, causing Eddie's underwear to fall to the floor around his feet. He held the knife under Eddie's scrotum, teasing him with the prospect of mutilating his genitals as he pulled his knife away.

"No, not yet, Billy Boy has to be here for that," Henry chuckled as he gathered up Eddie's shredded clothes. "Soon, though."

Tears were falling down Eddie's face as he wished that Bill was there to help him.

Bill sat in Georgie's now empty bedroom, clutching an old teddy bear that the boy used to sleep with. It had been given to him by Bill when Georgie was four to comfort him as he slept. He thought there were monsters under his bed, so Bill gave him his prized possession to keep him safe from the monsters.

The tears were uncontrollable as Bill thought about everything that he had lost. Soon, Georgie sat down next to him, putting an arm around Bill's shoulder.

"Don't cry for me, it was my fault," Georgie said. "I shouldn't have gone outside to play. I should have stayed in and kept you company."

"It wasn't your fault, Georgie," Bill whispered. "I should have been there to protect you."

"I thought you'd be mad that I lost your boat," Georgie told him.

"I could never be mad at you," Bill said as he looked at the non-existent boy. "I love you, Georgie. You're the best little brother ever. I would have made you a thousand boats if you asked for them. I'd do anything to make you happy."

"What about Eddie? Do you love him like that?"

"Eddie? Georgie, I don't think that-"

"If you love him, you should tell him," Georgie told him. "He makes you happy, Billy. I like it when you're happy. You haven't been happy in a long time. You should tell him so you're not sad anymore."

"Georgie, I-," Bill said as he saw that Georgie was gone. A knock came at the door as Bill headed downstairs, and upon opening the door, found Eddie's sneaker pinned to the door with a note that looked like it was written in blood.

COME TO THE WELLHOUSE B-B-B- BILLY

"No," Bill whispered as he realized Eddie was in trouble. "NO!" Bill took off running. He had to find his friends.

"Who would kidnap Eddie?" Stan asked as the boys rode their bikes to the Wellhouse. "And why the wellhouse?"

"I heard it's happened," Richie said as the group parked their bikes, seeing the trail of Eddie's cut up clothes leading to the door. "Eddie? No, my little buddy is in there. We have to get him!"

"We will," Ben told the group. "But we don't know who's in there, or who sent the note. There could be more than one person. What if Eddie's already-?"

"He's not!" Bill shouted. "He's alive, I know it! We're going to find him and bring him out. I'm not losing Eddie, not now."

"Bill?" Richie asked.

"I- I love him," Bill said as he faced his friends. "I love him, alright? I have feelings for one of my best friends, and I can't stop it. I want to hold him, and tell he's special, and make sure shit like this doesn't happen to him. I want to protect him and make sure that he has a good life, like Georgie should have."

"Well, then it's settled," Richie said. "Let's go get our buddy."

"You guys... don't care that I might be gay?"

"Oh, no, on the fag scale, you're rocketed way past the top level," Richie told him. "But I don't care, you're still my friend. If you and Eddie make each other happy... that makes me happy."

"Same here," Stand and Ben said.

"Now let's go get your butt-buddy,"

"**RICHIE!**"

"I kid, I kid," Richie said as they headed for the door. "You guys are doing it in the butt, right?"